

ARISTIPPVS;

OR,

THE IOVIALL

PHILOSOPHER:

Presented in a private Shew.

To which is added,

THE CONCEITED
PEDLER.

Omnis Aristippum decuit Color, & status & res.

Semel insani-vimus.



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THE PRELVDIVM.

Shewes having beene long intermitted, and
*forbidden by authority for their abuses, could
 not be raised but by conjuring.*

Enter Prologue in a Circle.

BE not deceiu'd, I have no bended knees,
 No supple tongue, nor speeches steep'd in Oyle;
 No candied flattery, nor honied words,
 I come an armed Prologue: arm'd with Arts,
 Who by my sacred charmes and mystick skill,
 By vertue of this all-commanding Wand
 Stolne from the sleepey *Mercury*, will raise
 From blacke Abyſſe and ſeoty hell, that mirth
 Which fits this long dead round, Thou long-dead Show,
 Breake from thy Marble priſon, ſleepe no more
 In myrie darkeneſſe, hencefoorth I forbid thee
 To bathe in *Lethe's* muddy waves, aſcend
 As bright as morning from her *Tithons* bed,
 And red with kiſſes that have ſtain'd thy cheekes,
 Grow freſh againe: What? is my power contemned?
 Doſt thou not heare my call, whoſe power extends
 To blaſt the Boſome of our mother Earth?
 To remove heavens whole frame from off her hindges,
 As to reverse all Natures lawes? Aſcend,

Or I will call a band of Furies forth,
And all the Torments wit of hell can frame
Shall force thee up.

Enter Show whipt by two Furies.

Show. O spare your too officious whips a while,
Give some small respite to my panting limbs,
Let me have leave to speake, and truce to parlie,
Whose powerfull voyce hath forc'd me to salute
This hated ayre! are not my paines sufficient,
But you must torture me with the sad remembrance
Of my deserts, the Causes of my exile?

Prolog. This thy release I seeke, I come to file
Those heauy shackles from thy wearied limbes,
And give thee leave to walke the Stage againe,
As free as vertue: Burne thy withered Bayes,
And with fresh Lawrell crowne thy sacred Temples,
Cast off thy maske of darkenesse, and appeare
As glorious as thy sister Comedy.
But first with teares, wash off that guilty sinne;
Purge out those ill-digested dregges of woe,
That use their ink to blot a spotlesse fame,
Let's have no one particular man traduc'd,
But like a noble Eagle seize on vice,
As she flies bold and open; spare the persons;
Let us have simple mirth, and innocent laughter;
Sweet smiling lips and such as hide no fangs,
No venomous biting teeth, or forked tongues.
Then shall thy freedome be restor'd againe,
And full applause be wages of thy paine.

Show. Then from the depth of truth I here protest,
I doe disclaime all petulant hate and malice,
I will not touch such men as I know vicious,
Much lesse the good: I will not dare to say,

That

That such a one pay'd for his fellowship,
 And had no learning but in's putse; no Officer
 Need feare the sting of my detraction,
 I'll give all leave to fill their guts in quiet:
 I make no dangerous Almanacks, no gulls,
 No posts with envious Newes and biting Packets,
 You need not feare this Show, you that are bad,
 It is no Parliament: you that nothing have
 Like Schollers, but a Beard and Gowne, for me
 May passe for good grand Sophies: all my skill
 Shall beg but honest laughter and such smiles
 As might become a *Cato*: I shall give
 No cause to grieve, that once more yet I live,
Prolog. Got then and you Beadles of hell avant,
 Returne to your eternall plagues.

Exeunt Furies.

Prolog. Heere, take these purer robes, and clad in these,
 Be thou all glorious and instruct thy mirth
 With thy sweet temper, whilst my selfe intreate
 Thy friends that long lamented thy sad fates,
 To sit and taste, and to accept thy Cater.

Exit Show.

Prolog. Sit, see, and heare, and censure he that will,
 I come to have my mirth approv'd, not skill:
 Your laughter all I begge, and where you see
 No jest worth laughing at, faith laugh at me.

ARISTIPPVS.

Enter Simplicius.

Secundum gradum composibilitatis, & non secundum gra-
 dam in composibilitatis. What should this *Scotus* meane
 by his possibilities & impossibilities? my *Cooper*, *Rider*,
Thomias, and *Minshew*, are as farre to seeke as my selfe: not a

of *compossibilitas* or *impossibilitas* is there. Well, I know what I'll doe. I have heard of a great Philosopher: I'll try what he can doe; They call him *Aristippus*, *Aristippus*, *Aristippus*: sure a Philosophers name: But they say he lies at the *Dolphin*, and that me thinks is an ill signe; yet they say too, the best Philosophers of the towne never lye from thence: they say 'tis a Taverne too; for my part I cannot tell, I know no part of the towne but the Schooles and *Aristotles* Well: but, since I am come thus farre, I will enquire: for this same *compossibilitas* or *impossibilitas* sticks in my stomacke.

Knocks.

Boy within. Anon, Anon Sir,

Sim. What Philosophy is this?

Knocks.

Boy. Anon, Anon Sir.

Enters.

Boy. Please you see a Roome Sir? what would you have Sir?

Sim. Nothing but *Aristippus*.

Boy. You shall Sir.

Exit.

Sim. What is this? the *Dolphin*? now yerily it lookes like a Greene Fish: what's yonder, Greeke too? Now surely it is the Philosophers Motto: *Hippiasbi-happathi, aut disce, aut discede incontinenter*, a very good disjunction.

Boy. A pinte of *Aristippus* to the Barre.

Enters.

Boy. Heere Sir,

Sim. Ha what's this?

Boy. Did you not aske for *Aristippus* Sir?

Sim. The great Philosopher lately come hither.

Boy. Why, this is *Aristippus*.

Sim. Verily then *Aristippus* is *duplex*, *Nominalis & Realis*; or else the Philosopher lives like *Diogenes in dolio*: the President of Hogges-head Colledge: but I meane one *Aristippus*.

Arifippus ~~the~~ the great Philosopher.

Boy. I know not what you mean by *Losopher*; but heere be Schollers in the house, I'll send them to you: Anon, anon Sir, I cannot be heere and there too. Anon anon Sir.

Simp. This boy would have but a fallacy upon mee, in *interrogatione plurium*; This boy is a mere *Animal*, ha, ha, he. He has not a jot of Language in him more then Anon, anon Sir. O Giggleswicke, thou happy place of education! This poore wretch knowes not what a Philosopher meanes. To see the simpleness of these people; They doe every thing *animis*, and have not a jot, not an inch of *verum* in them. O what had become of mee, if I had not gone bare-foot to my *Præceptor*, with a Satchell at my backe?

Enter two Schollers.

Slaves are they that heape up mountaines,

Still desiring more and more,

Still let's carouse in Bacchus fountaines,

Never dreaming to be poore.

Give us then a Cup of liquor,

Fill it up unto the brim,

For then me thinkes my wits grow quicker,

When my braines in liquor swimme.

Ha brave *Arifippus*.

Poxe of *Aristotle* and *Plato*, and a company of drie Raskalls:

But hey brave *Arifippus*.

Sims. Certainly, these are *Arifippus* his Schollers: Sir pray can you resolve me what is *Gradus composibilitatis*?

1 Schol. What ayles thou, thou musing man?

Diddle diddle dooe.

2 Schol. Quench thy sorrowes in a Canne,

Diddle diddle dooe.

Composibilitas? Why that's nothing man, when you ne'r drinke beyond your *poculum necessitatis*, you are in *gradu in-composibili* to all good fellowship: Come, hang *Scorus*, wee'll lead you to *Arifippus*, one Epitome of his in *quarto*, is worth a volume of these Dunces.

Sims

Sim. O Gentlemen, you will binde me to thanke you in
poenulo Gratiarum. But what Philosophy doth hee read, and
what houres doth he keepe?

1. None at all precisely, but indistinctly all: Night and
day he powres forth his instructions, and fills you out of mea-
sure.

2. Hee'll make the eyes of your understanding see double,
and teach you to speake fluently, and utter your minde in a-
bundance.

Sim. Hath he many Schollers, Sir?

1. More then all the Philosophers in the Towne besides.
He never rests, but is still cal'd for. *Aristippus* sayes one, *A-*
ristippus sayes another: He is generally ask'd for, yea, and by
Doctors sometimes.

2. And as merry a man. There can be no Feast, but hee is
sent for, and all the company are the merrier for him.

3. Did you but once heare him, you would so love his
company, you would never after endure to stand alone.

Sim. O pray helpe me to the sight of him.

2. Wee will, brave boy: and when you have scene him,
youle thinke your selfe in another world, and scorne to bee
your owne man any longer.

Sim. But I pray you at what price reads hee?

1. Why truly his price hath beene raised of late, and his ve-
ry name makes him the dearer.

2. A diligent Lecturer deserves eight pence a pinte tuition:
Nay, if you will learne any thing, Schollerships must be paid
for. Academicall Simony is lawfull: Nay did you ever heare
of a good preacher in a fat Benefice, unlesse his purse were
the leaner for it? Make much of him, for wee shall have no
more such in haste.

Enter Wilde-man,

Sim. But who is this?

1. The Vniuersitie Ramist, a Mault Heretique; *alias* the
Wilde-

wilde-man that is grown mad to see the daily resort to *Aristippus* : but let us leave him to his frenzies,

*But come you Lads that love Canary,
Let us have a made fegarie :
Hether, hether, heher, heher,
All good-fellowes flocke together.*

Exeunt

Wilde-man.

Brains, wits, senses, all flie hence : let fooles live lined in Cages : I am the Wilde-man, and I will be wilde : is this an age to be in a mans right wits, when the lawfull use of the throat is so much neglected and strong drinke lies sicke on his death-bed ? Tis above the patience of a Malt-horse, to see the contempt of Bary, and not run mad upon't. This is *Aristippus*, *Aristippus*, now a Divell or two take his red nos'd Philosophy : Tis he, my beere, that has vowed thee to the Vinegar-bottle ; but I'll be revenged : when next I meet him, I'll twist and twich his bush-beard from his Taverne face : Tis not his *hypathie happitbi* can cary him out Let him looke to be soundlier dash'd by mee, then ever hee was by Drawer for his impudence, I'll teach my Spanishe Don a French trick, I'll either plague him with a Poxe, or have some Claret whore burne him for an heretique, and make him challenge acquaintance of *Muld-Sacke* : if he was not either sent hither from the Britch Politique, or be not employed by *Spinola* to seduce the Kings lawfull subj. & from their allegiance to strong Beere, let me hold up my hand at the barre, and be hanged at my Signe-post, if he had not a hand in the Powder-treason ! Well, I say nothing, but hee has blowne up good store of men in his dayes, houses and land and all. If they take no order with him here in the Universtity, the poore Country were as good have the man in the Moone for their Pastor, as a Scholler. They are all so infected with *Aristippus* his Arminianisme, they can preach no

Doctrin but Sacke and red Noses. As for the Wilde-man
they have made him home-mad already.

Enter a fellow crying wine pots.

Heighday, there goes the Hunts up: this is the Mandrakes
voyce that undoe's me: you may heare him in faith. This is
the Devill of his that goes up and downe like a roaring
Sheeps-head to gather his pewter Library. I'll fit him I faith.

beats him.

Now you Calves-skin impudence, 'll thresh your Iacket.

beats him out.

Enter Aristippus and his two Schollers.

Aristip. What a coyl's heere? what fellow's that? hee
lookes like a mad hog's-head of March beere that had run
out, and threatned a deluge: whats hee?

1 O'tis the Wilde-man sir! a zealous brother that stands
up against the persecution of Barly-broth, and will main-
taine it a degree above the reputation of *Aqua vite*.

2 I have heard him swear by his *hora octava*, that Sacke
and *Rosa Solis* is but water-grewell to it.

Wild. O art thou there, Saint *Dunstan*? thou hast done
me, thou cursed Fryer *Bacon*, thou hellish *Malin*: but I'll be
revenged upon thee, 'Tis not your Mephosphopolis, nor any
other spirits of Rubie or Carbuncle, that you can raise, nor
your good father in law Doctor *Fanfus*, that conjures so
many of us into your Wives Circle, that with all their Ma-
gicke, he shall secure you from my rage, you haue set a spell
for any mans coming into my house now.

Arist. Why, none of my credit hath choked up your
doores.

Wilde-man. But thou hast bewitched my threshold, distur-
bed my house, and I'll have thee hang'd in Gibbets for mur-
thering my Beere: I'll have thee tryed by a Jury of Tapsters,
and hang'd in Auon anon Sir, thou dismall and disastrous
Conjurer,

Arist.

Arist. Why dost thou call me Conjuror? I send no Fairies to pinch you, or Elves to molest you: has *Robin Good fellow* troubled you so much of late? I scarce beleve it, for I am sure, since Iacke and I came to towne, your house hath not beene so much haunted.

Wilde-man. I'll put out thine eyes, *Don Canario*, I'll scratch thee to atomes, thou Spanish *Guzman*.

Arist. If he and his Beere will not be quiet, draw um both out.

Wilde-man. Yet I'll be revenged, you raskall, I do not feare the Spanish inquisition, I'll runne to the Counsell, and betray thy villany; I'll carry thee bound for a Traitor: but for you Sir, we had taken *Cales*, and might afterwards have conquered *Lisbon*, and *Civill*. You notorious villaine, I knew thee for a Rogue at first, thy ruffe look't so like the Moone Crescent in 88. thy very breath is invincible; and stinkes of an Armado.

Arist. Kicke him out of the presence, his company will metamorphose us to balderdash.

Wilde-man. Well *Diogenes*, you were best keepe close in your tubbe, I'll be reveng'd on you; I'll complaine on you for keeping ill houres, I suffer none after eight, by Saint *Iohns*, not I.

I Schol. Well *Domine*, though the *hora octava* be not come, yet you may be gone,

Kicks him.

Exit.

Arist. Come Pupill, have you any minde to study my Philosophy?

Sim. Yes *Mehercule* Sir, for I have alwaies accounted Philosophy to be *omnibus rebus ordine, natura, Tempore, honore prins*? and these Schoolmen have so puzled me, and my Dictionaries, that I despaire of understanding them either in *summo gradu*, or *remisso*. I lay sicke of an *Haccetias*, a fortnight, and could not sleepe a wink for't; therefore good Sir teach me as *curiosum*; as you can, and pray let it be *Conceptis verbis*, and *ex mente Philosophi*.

B z

Arist.

Arist. I warrant thee a good proficient, but ere you can be admitted to my Lectures, you must be matriculated, and have your name recorded in *Albo Academiae*.

Simp. With all my heart Sir, and *totaliter*, for I have as great a mind as *materia prima* to be informed with your instructions.

Arist. Give him the oath.

1 *Schol.* Lay your hand on the booke.

Simp. Will *ratio virtualis* serve the turne Sir?

2 *Schol.* No, it must be *reale quid*, & *extra intellectum*.

1 *Simp.* Well Sir, I will do it *quoad potentiam obedientialem*.

Schol. First, you must sweare to defend the honour of *Aristippus*, to the disgrace of Brewers, Alewives & Tapsters, and professe your selfe a foe *nominalis*, to Malmen, Tapsters, and red Lettices.

2 *Schol.* Kisse the booke.

He drinckes.

1 *Schol.* Next, you shall sweare to observe the customes and ordinances instituted and ordained by an act of Parliament in the raigne of King *Sigebert*, for the establishing of good government in the ancient foundation of *Miter Colledge*.

Schol. Kisse the booke.

Drinckes againe.

Simp. I Sir, *Secundum veritatem intrinsecam*, & *non equivoco*.

1 *Schol.* That you keepe all acts and meetings, *tam privatim*, in private houses, *quam publice*, in the Dolphin Schooles: that you dispute *in tenebris*, yet be not asleepe at reckonings; but awakes and every where shew your selfe so diligent in drinking that the Proctor may have no just cause to suspend you for negligence.

2 *Schol.* Kisse the booke.

1 *Schol.* Lastly, that you never walke into the Towne, without your habit of drinking, the Fudling Cap, and casting Hood; especially when there is a Convocation, and of all things take heed of running to the Affizes.

Simp.

Sim. Is this the end, I pray you Sir, is this the *Finis*?

2 Schol. It is *ultimum* Sir.

Sim. How pray you Sir, *intentione*, or *executione*?

1 Schol. *Excursione*, that followes the *Affizes*.

Sim. But me thinkes there is one *Scrupulum*, it seemes to be *actus illicitus*, that we should drinke so much, it being lately forbidden, and therefore *Contra formam statuti*.

2 Schol. I but therefore you are sworne to keepe customes, *Non omnino secundum formam statuti*.

Arist. What. have you inrolled him in *Albo*? have you fully admitted him into the society, to be a member of the body *Academick*?

Sim. Yea Sir, I am one of your Pupils now, *unitate numerica*, we have made an end of it, *secundum ultimum Complementum*, & *actualitatem*.

Arist. Well then, give the attendance.

Most grave audience, considering how they thirst after my Philosophie, I am induced to let you taste the benefit of my knowledge, which cannot but please a judicious pallat: it or the rest, I expell them my Schooles, as fittet to heare *Tales*, and drinke Water.

Sim. We will attend Sir, and that *bibulis auribus*.

Arist. The many errors that have crept into the science, to distract the curious Reader, are sprung from no other causes, then small Beere, and sober sleepes; whereas were the laudable custome of Sack-drinking better studied, we should have fewer Gownes and more Schollers.

1 Schol. A good note, for we cannot see wood for trees, nor Scholler for Gownes.

Arist. Now the whole *Vniuersitie* is full of your honest Fellowes, that breaking loole from a *Yorkshire* Belfrey have walked to *Cambridge* with Satchels on their shoulders; these you shall have them study hard for foure or five yeeres, to returne home more fooles then they came: the reason whereof is drinking Colledgtaplash, that will let them have no more learning, then they size; not a drop of wit more then

the Buttlers sets on their heads.

Schol. 'Twere charity in him to sconce 'um soundly, they would have but a poore *Quantum* else.

Arist. Others there be that spend their whole lives in *A-thens*, to die as wise as they were borne; who as they brought no wit into the world, so in honesty they will carry none out on't. 'Tis Beere that drownes the soules in their bodies: *Hussens* Cakes, and *Paix* his Ale hath frothed their braines: hence is the whole tribe contemned, every prentice can jeere at their brave Cassockes, and laugh the Velvet Caps out of countenance.

Schol. And would it not anger a man of *Ait* to be the scorn of a what lacke you Sir?

Arist. 'Tis Beere that makes you so ridiculous in all your behaviour: hence comes the Brid-like simpering at a Justice of peace his Table, and the not eating methodically, when being laughed at, you shew your teeth, blush, and excuse it with a Rhetoricall *Hufferon Proteron*.

Sim. 'Tis very true, I have done the like my selfe, till I have had a disgrace for my Mittimus.

Arist. 'Tis Beere that hath putrified our Horsemanship, for that you cannot ride to *Ware*, or to *Barkeway*, but your Hackneyes sides must witnesse your journies. A Lawyers Clarke, or an Innes a Court Gentleman that hath been fed with false Latine and pudding pye, contemne you as if you had not learning enough to confute a *Noverint universi*.

Sim. *Per presentes me Simplicium.*

Arist. If you discourse but a little while with a courtier, you presently betray your learned Ignorance, answering him, he concludes not Syllogistically, and asking him in what Mood and figure he speakes in, as if Learning were not as much out of fashion at Court, as clothes at *Cambridge*? Nor can you entertaine discourse with a Lady, without endangering the halfe of your Buttons; all these, and a thousand such errors, are the friends of Beere, that nurse of Barbarisme, and foe to Philosophy.

Simp. Oh I am ravished with this admirall Metaphysicall
Lecture,

Lecture, if ever I drink Beere againe, let me turne civil Lawyer, or be powdred up in one of *Luthers* barrels, pray lend me the booke againe, that I may forswear it. Fie upon it, I could love Sir *Gyles* for presenting those notorious Alewives. Oh, *Aristippus*, *Aristippus*, thou art equally divine *et diuina* *et immixta*, the only father of *Quodlibets*, the Prince of Formalities, I aske my starres whose influence doth governe this *orbem subluuarem*, that I may live with thee, and die like the royall Duke of *Clarence*, who was sowled up to immortality in a But of *Malmesey*.

2 *Schol.* You interrupt him Sir, too much in his Lecture, and prevent your eares of their happinesse.

Sim. Oh heavens, I could heare him, *ad eternitatem*, and that, *sunt à parte ante, quàm à parte post*. O proceed, proceed, thy instructions are mere Orthodoxall, thy Philosophy canonicall, I will study thy *scientiam* both *speculativam* & *practicam*. Pray let me once more forswear the pollution of Beere, for it is an abominable hereticke, I'll be his perfect enemy, till I make him and bottle-Ale flie the Country.

Arist. But Sacke is the life, soule, and spirits of a man, the fire which *Prometheus* stole, not from *Ioves* Kitchen, but his Wine-celler, to encrease the native heat and radicall inoffense, without which, we are but drouisie dust, or dead clay: this is *Nectar*, the very *Nepenthe* the gods were drunk with, 'tis this that gave *Ganymede*, beauty, *Hebe* youth, to *Iove* his heaven and eternaty; doe you thinke *Aristotle* dranke Perry, or *Plato* Cyder? doe you thinke *Alexander* had ever conquerd the world, if he had bin sober? he knew the force & valour of Sacke, that it was the best armour, the best encouragement, and that none could be a good Commander, that was not double drunke with wine and Ambition.

1 *Schol.* Onely heer's the difference: Ambition makes them rise, and wine makes them fall.

Arist. Theretore the Garrisons are all drinking Schooles, the Souldier strained up to the mustering of pewter pots daily, learning to contemne death, by accustoming to be dead-drunk: scarres doe not so well become a Captaine, as Carbuncles.

buncles. A red nose is the grace of a Serjeant Major, and they unworthy the place of Ancients that have not good colours, the best shot to be discharged is the Taverne bill, the best Alarm is the sounding of healths, and the most absolute March is reeling.

2 *Schol.* And the best Artillery yard is the Dolphin.

Aristip. Thus you may easily perceive, the profit of Sack in military discipline, for that it may justly seeme to have taken the name of Sack from sacking of Cities.

Sim. Oh wonderfull, wonderfull Philosophie! If I beea coward any longer, let me swear a litle to drinke Sack, for I will be as valiant as any of the Knights Errant: I perceive it was only *culpa ignorantia*, not *prava dispositio* that made me a coward: but O Enthusiastique, rare, Angelicall Philosophie, I will be a souldier, a Scholler, and every thing, I will hereafter *nec peccare in materia nec in forma*. Beere, raskally Beere was the first parent of Sophisters, and the fallacies: But proceed, my *Pythagoras* my *ipse dixit* of Philosophie.

Arist. Next it is the only Elixar of Philosophie, the very Philosophers stone, able, if studied by a yong Heire, *mutare rerum species* to change his house, lands, livings, Tenements, and Liveries into *aureum potabile*: So that though his Lordships be the fewer for't, his manners shalbe the more; whose Lands being dissolved into Sack, must needs make his soule more capeable of divine meditation, he being almost in the state of separation, by being purg'd, and freed from so much earth.

2 *Schol.* Therefore why should a man trouble himselfe with so much earth? he is the best Philosopher, that can *omnia sua secum portare*.

Aristip. And since it is the nature of light things to ascend, what better way, or more agreeing to nature can be invented, whereby we might ascend to the height of knowledge, then a light head? A light head being as it were allied with heaven, first found out, that the motion of the orbs was circular like to its owne, which motions, *teste Aristotele*, first found that intelligence: so that I conclude all intelligence, intellectual,

celle, and understanding to be the invention of Sacke, and a light head; what mists of error had clouded Philosophy, till the never sufficiently praised *Copernicus* found out that the earth was mooved, which he could never have done, had hee not bene instructed by Sacke, and a light head?

Sim. Hang methen, when I turne grave.

Aristip. This is the Philosophy, the great Stagirite read to his Pupill *Alexander*, wherein how great a proficient hee was, I call the faith of History to witnesse.

Simp. 'Tis true, *per fidem Historicam*, for I have read how when he had vanquished the whole world in drinke, that he wept there was no more to conquer.

Aristip. Now, to make our demonstration to prove, no Wine, no Philosophy, is that admirable Axiome, *in vino veritas*, and you know that Sacke and truth are the only Burs which Philosophy ayemes at.

1 *Schol.* And the Hogs-head is that *patens Democriti*, from whence they might both be drawne.

Aristip. Sack, Clarret, Malmesey, White-wine and Hipocras are your five Predicables, and Tobacco your *individuum*, your Money is your substance, full cups your quantity, good wine your quality, your Relation is in good company, your action is beating, which produceth ano her predicament in the Drawers, call'd passion, your *quando* is midnight, your *ubi*, the Dolphin; your *situs* leaning; your *habitus* carousing, afterclaps are your *post* predicaments, your *priorum* breaking of jests; your *posterorum*, of glasses; false bills are your fallacies; the shot is *subtilis obiectio*; and the discharging of it, is *vera solutio*; severall humors are your moodes, and figures, where *quarta figura*, or gallons must not be neglected; your drinking is Syllogisines, where a Pottle is the *maior terminus*; and a pinte the *minor*; a quart the *medium*; beginning of healths are the premises, and pledging the conclusion, for it must not be divided, Topicks or common places are the Tavernes, and Hamon, Wolfe, and Farlowes are the three best Tutors in the Universities.

P. Simp. And if I be not entred, and have my name admitted

into some of their bookes, let *forma misti* bee beaten out of mee.

Aristip. To perswade the Vintner to trust you, is good Rhetorick, and the best figure is *Synechdoche*, to pay part for the whole; to drinke above measure, is a Science beyond Geometry; falling backward is star-gazing, and no *Jacobs* Staffe comparable to a Tobacco pipe; the sweet harmony of good-fellowship, with now and then a discord, is your excellent musick; Sacke it selfe is your Grammar, sobriety a meere solecisme, and Latine, be it true or bee it false, a very cudgell to your *Priscianus* pates; the reckoning is Arithmetique enough, a receipt of full cups are the best physick to procure vomit, and forgetting of debts an art of memory; and heere you have an *Encyclopaedia* of Sciences, whose method being circular, can never be so well learned, as when your head runnes round.

Simp. If mine have any other motion, it shall be *præternaturam*, I, and *contra* too, if I live: I like that art of musick wondrous well, life is not life without it; for what is life but an harmonious lesson, play'd by the soule upon the Organs of the body? O witty sentence! I am mad already, I see the immortality, ha brave *Aristippus*: but in Poetry, 'tis the sole predominant quality, the sap and joyce of a verse, yea, the spring of the Muses is the fountaine of Sacke, for to thinke *Helscon* a barrell of Beere, is as great a sinne, as to call *Pegasus* a Brewers horse.

Aristip. I know, some of these halfe-penny Almanack-makers doe not approve of this Philosophy, but give you most abominable counsell in their Beggers Rhymes, which you are bound to beleve as faithfully as their predictions of soule and faire weather, you shal heare some of *Erra Paters* Poetry.

*I wish you all carefully,
 Drinke Sacke but sparingly,
 Spend your coyne chrisstily,
 Keepe your health warily,
 Take heed of ebriety,
 Wine is an enemy,*

Good

*Good is sobriety,**Fly bathes and Venery.*

For your often potations much crudities cause, by hindring the course of mother Natures lawes, therefore he that desireth to live till October, ought to be drunke in July: but I hold it to be a great deale better that hee went to bed sober. And let him alone, thou man in the Moone, yet had'st thou but read a leafe in this admired Author, this *aurum flumen*, this *torrens eloquentia*, thou would'st have scorn'd to have bin of the water-Poets tribe, or *Skeltons* family, but thou hast never tasted better Nostrum than out of *Fennors* Wassaile-Bowle, which hath so transformed him, that his eyes looke like two Tunnels, his nose like a Fauſet with the Spicket out, and therefore continually dropping: the Almanack-makers, and Physicians are alike grand enemies of Sacke: as for Physicians, being fooles, I cannot blame them if they neglect Wine, and minister simples, but if I meete with you, I'll teach you another receipt.

Sim. Why, meet him Tutor? you may easily meet him. I know him Sir, & *cognitione distincta*, & *confusa*, I warrant you, doe you not smell him Tutor? I know who made this Almanacke against drinking Sacke? ha *Strophe*? have I found you *Strophe*? you will shew your selfe, I see, when all is done, to be but a Brewers Clarke,

Aristip. But farre better speakes the divine *Ennius* against your Ale, and Barly-broth, who knew too full well the vertue of Sacke, when *Nunquam nisi potus ad arma prosiluit dicenda*; his verses are in Latine, but because the audience are Schollers, I have translated them into English, that they may be understood. Here, read them.

I Schol. There is a drinke made of the Stygian Lake,
Or else of the Waters the Furies doe make,
No name there is bad enough by which it to call,
But yet as I wist, it is ycleped Ale;
Men drinke it thicke, and pisse it out thin,
Mickle filth by Saint Loy that it leaves within,
But I of completion am wondrous sanguine,

And will love by th' Morrow a Cup of Wine,
 To live in delight was ever my wanne,
 For I was Epicurus his owne sonne,
 That held opinion, that plainly delights
 Was very felicitie perfect:

A Bowle of Wine is wondrous boone cheere
 To make one blythe, buxome, and debonere,
 'Twill give me such valour, and so much courage,
 As cannot be found 'twixt Hull and Carthage.

Aristip. But above the wit of humanitie, the divine Virgil
 hath extol'd the Encomium of Sack in these Verses.

2 Schol. Fill me a Bowle of Sack with Roses crown'd,
 Fit't to the brim, I'll have my temples bound
 With flowrie Chaplets, and this day permit
 My Genius to be free, and frolique it;
 Let me drinke deepe: then fully warm'd with Wine,
 I'll chaunt Aeneas praise, that every line
 Shall prove immortal, till my moistned Quill
 Melt into Verses, and Nectar-like distill;
 I'm sad, or dull, till Bowles brim-fill'd infuse
 New life in me, new spirit in my Muse:
 But once reviv'd with Sack, pleasing desires
 In my child-hood kindle such active fires,
 That my gray haire seems fled, my wrinkl'd face
 Growne smooth as Hebes, youth, and beauties grace,
 To my shrunk veines, fresh blond and spirits bring,
 Warme as the Summer, sprightfull as the Spring;
 Then all the world is mine: Croesus is poore,
 Compar'd with me, he is rich that asks no more:
 And I in Sack have all, which is to me
 My home, my life, health, wealth, and libertie,
 Then have I conquer'd all, I boldly dare
 My Trophies with the Pelican youth compare,
 Him I will equall, as his sword, my pen
 My conquer'd world of cares, his world of men,
 Doe not, Atreides, Nestors ten desire,
 But ten such drinkers as that aged fire,

*His streame of honied words flowed from the Wine,
And Sacke his Counsell was, as he was thine.
Who ever purchas't a rich Indian mine,
But Bacchus first, and next the Spanish wine?
Then fill my bowle, that if I dye to morrow,
Killing cares to day, I have out-liv'd my sorrow.*

Aristip. Thus resting in the opinion of that admirable Poet, I make this draught of Sacke, this Lectures period.

Dixi.

Simp. *Dixi*, dost thou say? I, and I'll warrant thee the best *Dixi* in Cambridge: who would sit poring on the learned Barbarisme of the Schoolemen, that by one of thy Lectures might confute them all, *pro & con*? I begin to hate distinction, & actualiter, & habitualiter, yet a poxe to fee, I cannot leave them *nec principaliter, nec formaliter*; yet I begin to love the Foxe better than subtilties. O Tutor, Tutor, well might Foxe be a Colledge Porter, that hee might open the Gates to none but thy Pupils: come fellow Pupils, if I did not love you, I were *ἰσαπέχου τῆς πόλεως*, and an absurdity in the abstract; Let's practise, let's practise, for I'll follow the steps of my Tutor night and day: by this Sacke, I shall love this Philosophy: before I heard this Lecture, *Banks* his Horse was an *Aristotle*, in comparison of me: I can laugh to thinke what a foolish *Simplicius* I was this morning, and how learnedly I shall sleepe to night.

1 *Schol.* Sleep to night! why? that's no point of your Philosophy; we must sit up late and roare till wee rattle the Welkin; Sleepe! what have wee to doe with deaths Cater-cousin? doe you thinke Nature gave starres to sleepe by? have you not day enough to sleepe in, but you must sleepe in the night too? 'tis an arrant Paradox.

Sim. A Paradox? let mee be cramped if I sleepe then, but what, must we sleepe in the day then?

Schol. Yes, in the morning.

Sim. And why in the morning?

2 *Schol.* Why, a poxe of the morning, what have wee to doe

doe with the sober time of the day?

Sim. 'Tis true, I see, we may learne something of our fellow Pupils: and what must wee doe now, fellow pupils? What must wee doe now?

1 *Schol.* Why? conferre our notes.

Sim. What is that?

2 *Schol.* Why? confering of notes, is drinking off cups, halfe pots are saying of parts, and the singing of Catches is our repetition.

Sim. Fellow Pupill, I'll conferre a note with you.

1 *Schol.* Gramercy Brave Lad, and it's a good one, an excellent Criticisme; I would not have lost it for *Eustathius* and his Bishopricke, it's a generall rule, and true without exception.

Sim. Fellow Pupil, I'll conferre a note with you too.

2 *Schol.* Faith, let mee have it, let's share and share like boone Raskals.

Sim. I'll say my part to you both.

2 *Schol.* By my troth, and you have a good memory, you have con'd it quickly Sir.

Sim. But what shall we have for repetitions now?

2 *Schol.* I, what for repetitions?

1 *Schol.* Why the Catch against the Schoolemen, in praise of our Tutor *Aristippus*: can you sing *Simplisius*?

Sim. How begins it pray you?

1 *Schol.* *Aristippus* is better.

Sim. O God Sir, when I was in the state of ignorance, I con'd it without booke, thinking it had beene a position.

Aristippus is better in every letter,
 Than *Faber* the *Parifensis*,
 Then *Scotus*, *Soncinas*, and *Thomas Aquinas*,
 Or *Gregory Gandavensis*:
 Than *Cardan* and *Ramus*, than old *Paladanus*,
Albertus and *Gabriella*,
 Than *Pico Mercatus*, or *Ssaliger Natus*,
 than *Niphus* or *Zabarella*,

(21)

Hortado, Trombetus, were fooles with Tolous.
Zanardus, and Will de Hales,
With Occham, Javellus, and mad AlgaCellus,
Philoponus, and Natalis;
The Conciliator was but a meere prater,
And so was Apolinaris :-
Jandannus, Plotinus, the Dunce Engubinus,
With Masius, Savil, and Swarez,
Fonseca, Durandus, Becanus, Holandus,
Percernus, Avienture;
Old Trismegistus, whose Volumes have mist us,
Ammonius, Bonaventure
Mirandula, Comes, with Proclus and Somes,
And Guido, the Carmelita :
The nominall Schooles, and the Colledge of fooles,
No longer is my delighia :
Hang Briewood and Carter, in Crakenthorps Garter,
Let Keckerman too bemoane us,
He be no more beaten, for greasie Iacke Seaton,
Or cunning of Sanderfonus.
The censure of Cato's, shall never amate us,
Their frosty beards cannot nip us :
Your Ale is too muddy, good Sacke is our study,
Our Tutor is Aristippus.

Enter the Wild-man, with two Brewers.

Wildman. There they be, now for the valour of Brewers,
knocke um soundly, the old Rogue, that's hee, doe you not
see him there? soundly, soundly, let him know what Cham-
pions good Beere has.

They beat out Aristippus and the
Schoollers.

Wild.

→ *Wilde-man solus*

His findes
Pots.

He findes
empty
papers.

Now let them know that Beere is too strong for them; and let me be hang'd, if ever I be milder to such Rascals, they shall find these but stale courtesies. How now? what's here? the learned Library, the Philosophicall volumes: these are the bookes of the blacke-Art; I hate them worse then *Bellarmino*, the golden Legend, or the Turkish Alcharon, I wonder what vertue is in this pewter-faced Author, that it should make every one fall into love with it so deeply: I'll try if I can find any *Philtrum*, any love-potion in't: by my *Domine* not a drop; *Offitium ingenium hominum*, to delight in such vanities! Sure these are Comments upon Tobacco, dry and juicelesse vanities. I'll try againe, by my *bonâ fide*, but this doth relish some learning, still better, an admirable witty rogue, a very flash. I'll turne another lease: still better, has he any more Authors like this? what's here, *Aristippus*? a most incomparable Author, O *Bodly, Bodly*, thou hast not such a booke in all thy Library, heer's one line worth the whole *Vatican*. O *Aristippus*, would my braines had beene broken out when I broched thy hog's head: O curst Brewers, and most accursed am I, to wrong so learned a Philosopher as *Aristippus*! what penance is enough to cleare me from this impardonable offence? twenty purgations are too little; I'll suck up all my Beere in Toasts to appease him, and afterwards live by my Wife and Hackneyes. Oh, that I had never undertooke this selling of Beere, I might have kept my house with Fellowes Commons, and never have come to this: But now I am a Wilde-man, and my house a Bedlam: *Aristippus, Aristippus, Aristippus*?

Enter Medico de Campo.

Medico. How now neighbour wild-man?

Wilde-man. O *Aristippus, Aristippus*, What shall I doe for thee, *Aristippus*.

Medico.

Medico. What extasie is this?

Wilde-man: O *Aristippus*, *Aristippus*, what shall I doe for thee, *Aristippus*?

Medico. Why neighbour *Wilde-man*, disclose your griefes to me, I am a Surgeon, and perchance may cure um.

Wilde-man. O cry you mercy, you are the welcomnest man on earth, Sir *Signior Medico de campo*, the welcomnest man living, the only man I could have wished for, O *Aristippus*, *Aristippus*.

Medico. Why what's the matter, neighbour? O I heare he has seduced away your Parishioners, is this the cause of your Lamentation?

Wilde-man. O no Sir, learned Philosopher, one that I love with my soule: but in my rage I cannot tell you Sir, 'tis a dismall tale, the sharpest Razor in your shop would turne edge at it.

Medico. Never feare it, I have one was sent from a—— faith I cannot thinke on's name, a great Emperour, hee that I did the great cure on, you have heard on't I am sure: I fetched his head from *China*, after it had beene there a fortnight buried, and set it on his shoulders againe, and made him as lively, as ever I saw him in my life; and yet to see I should not thinke on's name. O I have it now, *Prefster Iohn* a pox on't, *Prefster Iohn*, 'twas hee, hee, I faith, 'twas *Prefster Iohn*; I might have had his daughter if I had not been a foole; and have liv'd like a Prince all the daies of my life; nay, and perchance have inherited the Crowne after his death; but a pox on't, her lips were too thicke for me, and that I should not thinke on *Prefster Iohn*.

Wilde-man. O *Aristippus*, *Aristippus*, poxe on your *Prefster Iohn* Sir, will you thinke on *Aristippus*?

Med. What should I doe with him?

Wilde-man. Why? in my rage Sir, I have almost killed him, and now would have you cure him in sober sadnesse.

Medico. Why, call him out Sir.

Enter Simplicius.

Wilde-man. Sir, yonder comes one of his pupils.

Medico. Salve M. *Simplicius.*

Simp. Salve me; 'tis but a Surgeons complement, *Signior Medico de campo*; but you are welcome Sir, my Tutor wants helpe. Are you there, you *Usquebaugh Rascall*, with your *Me-sheglin juyce*? I'll teach you Sir, to breake a Philosophers pate; I'll make you leave your distinctions as well as I have done.

Wilde-man. O pardon, pardon me, I repent Sir heartily, O *Aristippus, Aristippus*, I have broken thy head, *Aristippus*, but I'll give thee a plaister, *Aristippus, Aristippus.*

Med. I pray Sir bring him out in his Chaire, and if the house can furnish you with Barbers provision, let all bee in readinesse.

Exit Simplicius.

Wilde-man. Pray Sir, doe you thinke you can cure him?

Medico. Him? why neighbour, doe you not remember the Thumbe?

Wildeman. What of the Thumbe? I have not heard of it as yet Sir.

Medico. Why the Thumbe, the Thumbe, doe you not know the cure of the Thumbe?

Wilde-man. No Sir, but I pray tell the cure of the Thumbe, doe you still remember, Sir?

Medico. Remember't? I, and perfectly, I have it at my fingers end, and thus it is. Two Gentlemen were fighting, one lost his Thumbe, I by chance comming by, tooke it up, put it in my pocket; some two moneths after, meeting the Gentleman, I set on his Thumbe againe; and if he were now in *Cambridge*, I could have his hand to shew for't: why did you ne'r heare of the Thumbe Sir? 'tis strange you never heard mee speake of the Thumbe, Sir.

Enter

*Enter three Schollers bringing forth Aristippus
in his Chaire.*

1 Schol. Signior de Medico Campo, if you have any art or skill, shew it now, you never had a more deserving Patient.

Medico. Yet I have had many and royall ones too; I have done many Cures beyond Seas, that will not be beleaved in England.

2 Schol. Very likely so, and Cures in England, that will not be beleaved beyond seas, nor here neither, for in this kind, halfe the world are infidels.

Medico. The great Turke can witnesse, I am sure, the eyes that he weares, are of my making.

1 Schol. Hee was then an eye-witnesse, but I hope hee weares spectacles, Signior.

Medico. Why, won't you beleave it? why I tell you I am able to say't, I saw't, I saw't my selfe, I cur'd the King of Poland of a Wart on's nose, and Bethlem-Gabor of a Ring-worme.

1 Schol. The one with raw Beefe, and the other with Inkehornes.

Medico. Poxe of your old Wives medicines, the worst of mine Ingredients is an Vnicornes horne, and a Bezars stone: Raw Beefe and Inkehornes! Why, I cur'd Sherley in the Grand Sophies Court in Persia, when hee had bin twice shot through with ordnance, and had two bullets in each thigh, and so quickly, that hee was able at night to lie with his wife the Sophies Neece, and beget a whole Church of Christians; and could this have beene done with Raw Beefe and Inkehornes?

Sim. No sure, this could not have beene done without Eggs and Greene-sauce, or an Oatmeale poultice at least.

Medico. The King of Russia had dyed of the wormes, but for a powder I sent him.

2 Schol. Some of that you meane, that stucke on the bullet which you tooke out of Sherleyes legges.

Medico. In the siege of *Ostend*, I gave the Dutcheffe of *Austria* a receipt to keepe her Smocke from being animated, when she had not shifted it of a twelve moneth.

1 Schol. Beleeeve mee, and that was a Cure beyond *Scoggins* Fleas.

Medico. I am able by the vertue of one Salve, to heale all the wounds and breaches in *Bohemia*.

2 Schol. I, and cloze up the Bung-hole in the great Tub at *Heidlebergh*, I warrant you.

Medico. I cur'd the state of *Venice* of a Dropisie; the Low-Countries of a Lethargie, and if it had not been treason, I had cur'd the *Fistula*, that it should have dropt no more then your nose. By one Dramme on a knives point, I restored *Mansfield* to his full strength and forces, when hee had no men left, but was onely skin and bones. I made an Arme for *Brunswicke*, with so great art and skill, as nature her selfe could not have mended it; which had it not come too late and after his death, would have done him as much service as that which was shot off.

2 Schol. I easily beleeeve that I faith.

Medico. I could make a Purgation, that should so scourge the Seas, that never a *Dunkerke* durst shew his head.

1 Schol. By my faith, and that would be a good State-Glister.

Medico. I have done as great wonders as these, when I extracted as much chastity from a Sanctimony in the *English* Nunnery, as cur'd the Pope of his lecherie.

2 Schol. And yet had as much left, as serv'd five Cardinals on Feasting-dayes.

Medico. And there was no man in the Realme of *France*, either *French* or *Spanish* or *Italian* Doctors, but my selfe, that durst undertake the King of *France* his Cornes, and afterwards having cur'd him, I dranke a health to him.

Sim. Would we had the pledging on'r, O happy man that hast conferred a note with the King of *France*!

Medico. And doe you seeme to misdoubt my skill, and speake of my Art with ifs and ands? Doe you take mee for

a Mountebank? and hath mine owne tongue beene so silent in my praise, that you have not heard of my skill?

2 *Schol.* No, pardon us Signior, onely the danger our Tutor is in, makes us so suscitious; wee know your skill, Sir, wee have heard *Spaine* and your owne tongue speake loud on'te, we know besides that, you are a traveller, and therefore give you leave to relate your words with authority.

Med. Danger? what danger can there be, when I am his Surgeon?

1 *Schol.* His head, Sir, is so wondrously bruised, 'tis almost past cure.

Med. Why, what if he had never an head? am not I able to make him one? or if it were beaten to atomes, I could set it together, as perfectly as in the wombe.

Wild. Beleve me neighbour, but that would be as great a wonder, as the Thimbe, or *Prester Johns* head:

Med. why? I'll tell you Sir, what I did, a farre greater wonder then any of these, I was a Travailer.

2 *Schol.* There is no such great wonder in that, but what may be beleaved.

Med. And another friend of mine travailed with me, and to be short, I came into the Country of Cannibals, where missing my friend, I ran to seeke him, and came at last into a Land where I saw a company feeding on him, they had eaten halfe of him, I was very pensive at his misfortune, or rather mine; at last I bethought mee of a powder that I had about me, I put it into their wine, they had no sooner dranke of it, but they presently disgorged their stomacks, and fell asleepe; I Sir gathered up the miserable morsells of my friend, placed them together, and restored him to be a perfect man againe; and if he were here still alive, hee were able to witnesse it himselfe, and doe you thinke I cannot cure a ten-groats damage, or a cracke Crowne?

1 *Schol.* Good Signior, make no such delay, cure him, and have one wonder more to fill up your Legend.

Medico. Here hold the Bason, you the Napkins, and you *M. Simplicius* the Boxes, how shall we doe to lay his feet up-

on? By my troth, Sir, he is wonderfully hurt, his *pia mater* I perceive is cleane out of joint; of the 20. bones of the *Cranium*, there is but three onely whole, the rest are miserably crushed and broken, and two of his *Sutures* are cleane perished, onely the *Sagitall* remains free from violence; the foure *Tunicates* of his eyes are thred-bare, the *Meninx* of his eare is like a cut Drumme, and the hammer's lost: there is not a *Cartilago* in his head worth three pence, the top of his Nose is dropt away, there is not a *Muskle* left in the Cavities of his Nostrils; his *dentes molares* are past grinding, his *Pallet* is lost, and with it his *gurgulio*; yet if he can swallow, I warrant his drinking safe: helpe, open his mouth. So, so, his throat is sound; hee's well, I warrant you; now give him a cup of Sack: so, let me chafe his Temples; put this powder into another glasse of Sack, and my life for his, he is as sound as the best of us all: let downe his legges. How doe you, Sir?

Aristip. Why, as young as the Morning, all life, and soule, not a draime of body; I am newly come back from Hell, and have scene so many of my acquaintance there, that I wonder whose Art hath restored me to life againe.

1 *Schol.* The Catholique Bishop of Barbers, the very Metropolitan of Surgeons, Seignior *de Medico Campo*.

2 *Schol.* One that hath ingross'd all Arts to himselfe, as if he had the Monopoly.

1 *Schol.* The onely Hospitall of soares,

2 *Schol.* And Spittle-house of infirmities, Seignior *de Medico Campo*.

1 *Schol.* One that is able to undoe the Company of Barber-Surgeons, and Colledge of Physicians, by making all diseases flye the Countrey.

2 *Schol.* Yea, he is able to give his skill to whom he please, by Act of deed, or bequeath it by Legacy, but he is determined as yet to entaile it to his heires males for ever.

1 *Schol.* Sir, death it selfe dares not anger him, for feare he should begger the Sextons, by suffering no Grave to be made; he can chuse whether any shall dye or no.

2 *Schol.* And he do's't with such celeritie, that a hundred

Peeccs

Peeces of Ordnance in a pitch'd field, could not in a whole day make worke enough to imploy him an houre; you owe him your life Sir, I'll assure you.

Aristip. Sir, I doe owe you my life, and all that is mine; thinke of any thing that lyeth in the compasse of my Philosophy, and 'tis your owne.

Med. I have gold enough Sir, and Philosophy enough, for my house is paved with Philosophers stones, mine onely desire is, that you forgive the rage of this Wilde-man, who is heartily sorry for his offence to you.

Wilde. O reverend Philosopher, and Alchymy of vnderstanding, thou very Sack of Sciences, thou noble Spaniard, thou Catholique Monarch of Wines, Archduke of Canary, Emperour of the sacred Sherry, pardon me, pardon my rudenesse, and I will forswear that Dutch heresie of English Beere, and the witchcraft of *Middletons* water, I'll turne my selfe into a Gowne, and be a profest disciple of *Aristippus*.

Aristip. Give him a Gowne then, ere we admit him to our Lecture hereafter. Now noble Signior *Medico de Campo*, if you will walke in, let's be very joviall and merry, 'tis my second birth-day, let's in, and drinke a health to the company.

*We care not for money, riches, or wealth,
Old Sack is our money, old Sack is our health.*

*Then let's flocke hither
Like Birds of a feather,
To drinke, to sing,
To laugh and sing,
Conferring our notes together,
Conferring our notes together.
Come let us laugh, let us drinke, let us sing.
The Winter with us is as good as the Spring,
We care not a feather
For Wind, or for weather,
But night and day
We sport and play,
Conferring our notes together,
Conferring our notes together.*

Simp.

Simp. Hark, they are drinking your healths, within, and I must have it too, I am onely left here to offer my *supplicat* to you, that my grace may passe, and then if I may but com-
mence in your approbation, I will take a degree in drinking;
and because I am turn'd a jousall mad raskall, I have a great
desire to be a Midsummer Batchelor, I was onely stay'd to
aske your leaves to goe out.

Exit;

FINIS.



THE PEDLER,

AS

It was presented in a strange
SHOW.

Generous Gentlemen,



Such is my affection to *Phœbus*, and the
ninetie nine Muses, that for the benefit of
this Royall Vniuersitie, I have strodled o-
ver three of the terrestriall Globes with
my Geometricall rambling, viz. the *Asia*
of the Dolphin, the *Afrique* of the Rose,
the *America* of the Mitre, besides the
terra incognita of many an Ale-house. And all for your sakes,
whom I know to be the diuine Brats of *Helicon*, the lawfull
begotten Bastards of the thrice three Sisters, the learned Filly-
foales to Mounseur *Pegasus*, Arch-hackney to the students of
Parnassus. Therefore I charge you by the seven deadly Scien-
ces, which you more studie than the three and foure liberall
finnes, that your ha, ha, he's may be recompence of my ridi-
culous endeavours.

I haue beene long in travell; but if your laughter give my
Embryon jests but safe deliverance, I dare maintaine it in the
throat of *Europe*, *Ieronymo* rising from his naked bed, was not
so good a Midwife.

E

But

But I see you have a great desire to know what profession I am of: first, therefore heare what I am not. I am not a Lawyer, for I hope you see no Buckram honesty about me; and I sweare by these sweet lips, my breath stinkes not of any State actions: I am no souldier, although my heeles be better than my hands; by the whips of *Mars* and *Bellona*, I could never endure the smell of Salt-Peter, since the last Gunpowder Treason; the voice of a Mandrake to me, is sweeter Musicke than those Maximes of Warres, those terrible Cannons: I am no Townes-man, unlesse there be rutting in *Cambridge*, for you see my head without horns: I am no Alderman, for I speake true English: I am no Iustice of Peace, for I sweare by the honesty of a *Mittimus*, the venerable Bench never kist my worshipfull Buttocks: I am no Alchymist; for though I am poore, I have not broke out my braines against the Philosophers stone: I am no Lord; and yet me thinks I should, for I have no lands: I am no Knight, and yet I have as emptie pockets as the prowdest of them all: I am no Landlord, but to Tenants at will: I am no Innes of Court Gentleman, for I have not beene stewed thoroughly at the Temple, though I have beene halfe codled at *Cambridge*: Now doe you expect that I should say I am a Scholler; but I thanke my starres, I have more wit than so: why, I am not mad yet? I hope my better *Genius* will shield me from a thred-bare blacke Cloake, it lookes like a piece of *Beelzebubs* Liverie. A Scholler? What? I doe not meane my braines should drop through my Nose: no; if I was what I wish, I could but hope to be: but I am a noble, generous, understanding, royall, magnificent, religious, heroicall, and thrice-illustrious Pedler.

But what is a Pedler? why, what's that to you? yet for the satisfaction of him whom I most respect, my right honourable selfe, I will define him.

A Pedler is an *Individuum vagum*, or the *Primum mobile* of Tradesmen, a walking Burse, or moveable Exchange, a Socraticall Citizen of the vast Universe, or a peripateticall Journeyman, that like another *Atlas* carries his heavenly Shop on's shoulders.

(33)

*I am a Pedler, and I sell my Ware
 This brave Saint Barthol. or Sturbridge Faire,
 I'll sell all for laughter, that's all my gaires,
 Such Chapmen should be laugh't at for their paines.
 Come buy my Wits which I have hither brought,
 For Wit is never good till it be bought;
 Let me not beare all backe, buy some the while,
 If laughter be too deare, tak'e for a smile;
 My trade is jesting now, or quibble speaking,
 Strange trade you'l say, for it's set up with breaking?
 My Shop and I, am all at your command,
 For lawfull English laughter paid at hand,
 Now will I trust no more, it were in vaine
 To breake, and make a Craddocke of my braine:
 Halfe have not paid me yet, first there is one
 Owes me a quart for his declamation,
 Another morning draught, is not yet paid
 For foure Epistles at the election made,
 Nor dare I crossse him who do's owe as yet
 Three ells of jests to line Priorums Wit.
 But here's a Courtier has so long a bill,
 'Twill fright him to behold it, yet I will
 Relate the summes: Item, he owes me first,
 For an Inprimis: but what grieues me worst,
 A dainty Epigram on his Spaniels taile
 Cost me an houre, besides five pots of Ale.
 Item an Anagram on his Mistris name,
 Item the speech wherewith he courts his Dame,
 And an old blubber'd scowling Elegy
 Upon his Masters Dogs sad exequy,
 Nor can I yet the time directly gather,
 When I was paid for an Epitaph on's Father,
 Besides he never yet gave me content
 For the new coyning of's last Complement,
 Should I speake all he's spoken to his praise,*

*The totall summe is, what he thinke, or sayes,
 I will not let you runne so much o'th' score,
 Poore Duck-Lane braines, trust me, I'l trust no more;
 Shall's iest for nought, have you all conscience lost?
 Or doe you thinke our Sacke did nothing cost?
 Well, then it must be done as I have said,
 I needes must be with present Laughter paid:
 I am a free-man, for by this sweet Rhyme,
 The fellowes know I have secur'd the time;
 Yet if you please to grace my poore adventures,
 I'm bound to you in more than ten Indentures.*

But a pox on *Skeltons* furie, Ile open my Shop in honestie
 Profic; and first, Gentlemen, I'l shew you halfe a dozen of in-
 comparable Poynts.

I would give you the definition of Poynts, but that I thinke
 you have them at your fingers ends; yet for your better un-
 derstanding,

A Poynt is no body, a common tearme, an extreme friend
 of a good mans longitude, whose center and circumference
 joyne in one diametricall opposition to your equilaterall Dou-
 blets, or equicrurall Breeches: but to speake to the Poynt,
 though not to the purpose:

I The first Poynt is a Poynt of honesty, but is almost worne
 out, and has never beene in request since Trunk-Hose and Cod-
 peece-breeches went out of fashion; it's made of simplicitie
 Ribbon, and tagged with plaine dealing; if there be any knaves
 among you, (as I hope you are not all fooles) faith buy this
 Poynt of honesty; and the best use you can put it to, is to tye
 the band of affection: but I feare, this Point will find no Chap-
 man, some of you had rather sell, than with *Demoisthenes* buy
 honesty at so deare a rate; oh, I could wish that the Breeches of
 Bowlers, Stewards, Taxors, Receivers, and Auditors were trussed
 with these honesty-Poynts; but some will not be tyed to it: but
 hilt *Tom*, it is dangerous untrussing the time.

2 The next is a point of Knavery, but I have enow of them already, yet because I am loath to carry mine any longer about me, who gives me most, shall take it, and the divell give him good on't, this point is cue out of villanous Sheepe-skin parchment in a Scriveners Shop, tagg'd with the gold of a Ring, which the Pillory robb'd him of, when it borrow'd his cares, if he do but fasten this to the new Doublet of a yong Squire, it will make him grow so corpulent in the middle, that there will be nothing but Waste: this point of Knavery has bin a man in his daies, and the best of the Parish, fourteene of them goe to our Bakers dozen.

The definition of him may be this: a point of Knavery, is an occult quality tyed on a riding knot, the better to play fast and loose, he was borne in Buckram, h'as runne through all offices in the Parish, and now stands to be President of Bride-well, where I leave him, hoping to see him truss'd at Ti-burne.

3 Amongst all my points, a point of ignorance is the very Alderman of the dozen. This is the richest point in my packe, and is never out of fashion at Innes of court: if you buy this point you are arrant fooles, for I'll give you this gift, that you shall have it in spight of your teeth.

4 The next is a point of good manners, that has beene long lost amongst a croud of clownes, because it was onely in fashion on this side Trent.

This point is almost found in our Colledge, and I thanke the heavens for't, it begins to be tagg'd with Latine, it hath beene much defil'd, but I hope to see it cleane wash't away with the sope of good government.

This point, to give you a little inckling of it, begins from the due observance of a Fresh-man to Sophisters, and there it ends with a *cede maioribus*.

5 Next point is a point of false doctrine, snatch'd from the codpeece of a long-winded Puritan, the breath of *Arminius* will rot in him. Tag him with a piece of Apocrypha, and he breaks in sunder, trusse him to the Surplesse, and his

Breeches will presently fall downe with the thought of the Whore of *Babylon*.

He hates unitie and Church-discipline so farre, that you cannot tye a true-loves knot on him; cut off his tags, and hee will make excellent strings for a *Geneva* Bible: I would have these Points anathematized from all the religious Breeches in the company; 'tis made of a dangerous stubborne Leather, tagg'd at one end with selfe-conceit, at the other with wilfull opinion; this Point is fit for no service, but *Lucifers* Cacotruces: But why talke I so long of this Point, it is pittie it is not licensed.

6 If you like my Points, why doe you not buy? If you would have a more full point, I can furnish you with a period: I have a Parenthesis (but that may be left out) I know not how you affect those points; but I love them so well, that I grieve at the ignorance of my infancie, when my most audacious Toes durst play at spurne-point.

*Who will not pittie Points, When each man sees
To begging they are faine upon their knees?
Though I beg pittie, think I do not feare
Censuring Criticke whelps, no point Adversier:
If you hate Points, and these like merry speeches,
You may want Points for to trusse up your Breeches.
And from the close-stoole may he never move,
That hatsng Points, doth clasp and keepers love;
But if my points have beere at all offended,
He tell you a way how all may be amended:
Speake to the Point, and that shall answer friend,
All is not worth a point, and there's an end.*

*Then the Pedler brought forth a
Looking-Glasse.*

The next is a Looking-Glasse, but I'l put it up againe; for I dare not be so bold as to shew some of you your owne faces: yet I will, because it hath strange operations, *viz.*

If a cracke Chamber-maid dresse her selfe by this Looking-Glasse, shee shall dreame the next night of kissing her Lord, or making her Mistresse a shee Cuckold, and shall marry a Chaplin, the next Living that falls.

If a stale Court-Lady looke on this Reflection, shee may see her old face through her new Complection.

An Usurer cannot see his conscience in it, nor a Scrivener his cares.

If a Townes-man peepe into it, his *Alteons* furniture is no longer invisible: corrupt takers of Bribes may reade the price of their consciences in it.

Some fellowes cannot see the face of a Scholler in it. If one of our jewel-nos'd Carbunckl'd rubricke, bonifac't, can venture the danger of seeing their owne faces in it, the poore Basiliskes will kill themselves by reflection.

If a blinde man see his face in this, hee shall recover his eyesight.

But I see no pleasure in the contemplation of it; for when I looke into it, I find my selfe inclined to such a dangerous disease, that I feare, I cannot live heere above foure yeeres longer: Howsoever, I hope after my decease, we shall drinke the parting-blow.

*If any this Looking-Glasse disgrace,
It is because he dares not see his face:
Then what I am, I will not see (faith) say,
'Twas the Whores Argument, when shee throw't away.*

Then

*Then the Pedler brought forth a Boxe
of Cerebrum.*

But now considering what a Philosophicall *vasum* there is in most of our *Cambridge* Noddles, I have here to sell a soveraigne Boxe of *Cerebrum*, which by *Lullius* his Alchymie was extracted from the quintessence of *Aristotles Pericranium*, sodde in the *sinciput* of *Demosthenes*: The fire being blowne with the long-winded blast of a *Ciceronian* sentence, the whole Confection boyled from a Pottle to a Pint, in the Pipkin of *Seneca*: wee owe the first invention of it to Sir *John Mandeville*, the perfection of it to *Tom of Odcombe*, who fetch'd it from the gray-headed *Alpes* in the *Hobsons* Wagon of experience; I sweare as *Persians* use, by this my *Coxcombe*, this Magazine of immortall roguerie; but for this Boxe of Braines, you had not laughed to night: Buy this Boxe of Braines, and the tenure of your wits shall be soccage, when as now it is but fee simple.

These Braines have very admirable vertues, and very strange operations: foure drops of it in the eare of a Lawyer, will make him write true Latin; three graines will fill the Capistrall of an Unversitie Gander; the testicall head of a High-Constable, will be contented with halfe a dramme; three scruples and a halfe will fill the braine-paunc of a Bambery brother.

Come buy my Braines, you ignorant Gulls,

And furnish here your empty skulls;

Pay your Laughter, as it's fit,

To the learned Pedler of wit;

Quickly come, and quickly buy,

Or I'll shut my Shop, and foole you'l dye.

If your Coxcombes you would quodde,

Here buy Braines to fill your noddle.

Whe

*Who buyes my braines, learns quickly how
 To make a Probleme in a yeere;
 Shall understand the predicable,
 And the predicaments all Rabble:
 Who buyes them not, shall die a foole;
 An exotericke in the Schoole:
 Who has not these, shall ever passe
 For a great Acromaticall Asse:
 Buy then this Box of Braines; who buyes not it,
 Shall never surfet on too much Wit.*

*Then the Pedler brought forth a
 Whetstone.*

But leaving my Braines, I come to a more profitable Com-
 moditie: for considering how dull halfe the wits of the Vni-
 versitie be, I thought it not the worst traffique to sell Whet-
 stones.

This Whetstone will set such an edge upon your inventions,
 that it will make your rustie yron Braines purer Mettle than
 your brazen faces. Whet but the Knife of your Capacities on
 this Whetstone, and you may presume to dine at the Muses Or-
 dinarie, or suppe at the Oracle of *Apollo*. If this be not true,
 I sweare by the Doxies Petticoates, that I'l never hereafter pre-
 sume of a better vocation, than to live and dye the miserable
 factor of Conny-skins.

*Then the Pedler brought out
 Gloves.*

I have also Gloves of severall qualities: the first, is a paire
 of Gloves made for a Lawyer, made of an entire Loadstone,
 that has the vertue to draw Gold unto it; they were perfumed
 with the Conscience of an Usurer, and will keepe scent, till
 wrangling have left *Westminster Hall*; they are seamed with

Indenture, by the Needle, worke of Mortgage, and fringed with a *Noverint Universi*. I would shew you more, but it is against the Statute, because a *Latitat* hath beene seived lately upon them. And few of you need any Gloves, for you weare Cordovant hands.

Night-Caps.

My next Commodities, are severall Night-Caps, but they dare not come abroad by Candlelight. The first is lined with Foxe-surre, which I hope to sell to some of the Sophisters: it hath an admirable facultie for curing the Crapula, above the vertue of Ivie, or bitter Almonds; nay, the Porredge-pot's not comparable unto it.

I have another fit for an Alderman, which *Altron* by his last Will and Testament bequeathed to the City, as a principall Charter; it was of *Dianna's* owne making: *Albumazars Otacosticon* was but a Champer. pot in comparison.

I could fit all heads with Night-Caps, except your grave over-wise Metaphysicall heads: Marry, they are so transcendent, that they will not be comprehended within the predicans of a Night-Cap.

Ruffes.

I have also severall Ruffes: first, a Ruffe of pure Holland for a Dutch drunkard, a Ruffe of Cobweb-Lawne for the Vnivetsitie statutes: I have a Ruffe for the Colledge too; but by this badge of our Colledge (my reverend Lambskins) our back-biters say, our Colledge Ruffes are quite out of stocke: I have no more Ruffes but one, and that is a Ruffe of strong Hempe; you may have them who will, at the Royall Exchange of *T^h*
WITNESSE.

As for plaine Bands, if you finde any in a Scriveners Shop,
there is good hope honesty will come in fashion againe.

But you will not bestow your money on such trifles: why,
I have greater wares.

Will you buy any Parsonages, Vicarages, Deaneries, or Pre-
bendaries?

The price of one, is his Lordships crackt Chamber-maid;
the other, is the reserving of his Worships Tythes; or you may
buy the Knights Horse three hundred pound too deare; who,
to make you amends in the bargain, will draw you on fairely
to a Vicaridge.

There be many tricks; but the downe-right way, is three
yeeeres purchase. Come bring in your Coyne; Livings are
Majors in pretio now, then in the dayes of Doomesday Book,
you must give presents for your presentations: There may be
severall meanes for your institution, but this is the onely way
to induction that ever I knew: but I see you are not minded to
meddle with any my honest Leviticall Farmers.

*Then the Pedler tooke out a Wench made
of Alabaſter.*

But now expect the Treasures of the World, the Treasures
of the Earth digg'd from the Mynes of my more than *Indian*
paunch. Wipe your eyes, that no envious clouds of mustie
humours may barre your sight of the happinesse of so rare an
object.

*Come from thy Palace, beauteous Queene of Greece,
Sweet Hellen of the world, rise like the morne,
Clad in the smocke of night, that all the starres
May lose their eyes, and then grow blinde,
Runne weeping to the man's ih' Moone,
To borrow his Dogge to leade the Sphaeres a begging.*

*Rare Empresse of our soules, whose Charcoale flames,
Burne the poore Colts foot of amazed hearts,
View this dumbe Audience thy beantie spyes,
And then amaz'd With griefe, laugh out their eyes.*

Here's now a rare beantie; oh, how all your fingers itch, who should be the first Chapman? This will be a daintie friend in a corner. And wert not better to embrace this pretty Shambles of beauty, this errant Poultry of perfection, than to tumble your soapie Laundresses? Is this like your daggle-tail'd Bed-makers? when a man shall lye with Sea-coale ashes, and commit adulterie with the dust of his Chamber?

Me thinkes this peerelesse Paragon of complection should be better countenanced; shee would set a sharper edge on your appetites, than all the three-penny Cutlers in Cambridge.

I am a man as you are, and this naughtie flesh and bloud will never leave tempting; yet I protest by the sweet sole of this incomparable shee, I never had any acquaintance with the pretty Libraries of flesh, but onely this: This is the subject of my Muse; this I adorne with costly Epigrams, and such curious Encomiums, as may deserve immortalitie in the Chamber-pots of *Helicon*: And thus my *Furor Poeticus* doth accost her.

*Faire Madame, thee whose every thing
Deserves the Close-stool of a King:
Whose head is faire as any bone,
White and smooth as Pumice stone.
Whose naturall baldnesse scornes to weare
The needlesse excrements of haire.
Whose fore-head streaks, our hearts commands;
Like Dover Cliffs, or Goodwyn sands.
While from those dainty Glo-worme eyes,
Cupid shoots Plum-pudding Pies,
While from the Arches of thy nose,
A Creame-pot of white Nectar flows.*

Faire

Faire dainty lips, so smooth, so sleek,
 And cruely Alabaſter cheek.
 Pure Saffron teeth, happy the meate
 That ſuch pretty milneſtones eate.
 O let me heare ſome ſilent Song,
 Tun'd by the Iewes-Trumpe of thy tongue.
 Oh, how that Chin becomes thee well,
 Where never hairie Beard ſhall dwell;
 Thy Corall necke doth ſtatelier bow,
 Than Ios, when ſhe turn'd a Cow:
 O let me, or I ſhall ne'r reſt,
 Sucke the blacke bottles of thy breſt;
 Or lay my head, and reſt me ſtill
 On that daintie Hogmagog hill.
 Oh curious, and unfathom'd Waſte,
 As ſlender as the ſtateliſt Maſt:
 Thy fingers too breed my delight,
 Each Wart a naturall Margarite.
 Oh pittie then my diſmall moane,
 Able to melt thy heart of Stone.
 Thou know'ſt how I lament and howle,
 Weepe, ſnort, condole, looke ſad and ſcowle:
 Each night ſo great, my paſſions be,
 I cannot wake for thought of thee.
 Thy Gowne can tell how much I lov'd,
 Thy Petticoate to pittie moov'd.
 Then let thy Pedler mercy finde,
 To kiſſe thee once though it be behind;
 Sweet kiſſe, ſweet lips, delicious ſenſe,
 How ſweet a Zephyrus blowes from thence?
 Bleſt petticoat, more bleſt her Smocke,
 That daily buſſeth her Buttocke:
 For now the Proverbe true I finde,
 That the beſt part is ſtill behind.
 Sweet dainty ſoule, daine but to give
 The poore Pedler this hanging ſleeve.

*And in thine honour, by this kisse,
 He daily weare my Packe in this,
 And quickly so beare thee more fame,
 Than Quixot the Knight Errants Dame;
 So farewell sweet, daigne but to touch,
 And once againe re-blesse my Pouch.*

Is it not pittie such ware should not be bought? Well, I perceive the fault is in the emptinesse of your learned pockets: Well, I'll to the Court, and see what I can sell there, and then carry the Reliques to Rome.

The Pedler calls for his Colstaffe;

*Some friend must now perforce
 Make haste, and bid my Boy
 To saddle me my Wooden Horse,
 For I meane to conquer Troy.*

FINIS.

